

# Phoenix Park

Thursday

In the park I sat down withy my love,  
and not a thing was wrong.  
The sun shone down from above,  
and not a thing was wrong.  
And I go to where our voices paired,  
and leapt from off the stone.  
And that's the voice that I still here whenever I sing alone, a  
lone.  
Whenever I sing alone.  
Not many a thought did I abide,  
nor was I help when things went wrong.  
At the cemetery by your graveside,  
now everything is wrong.  
Well I know exactly where I'm going,  
And God knows who I adore.  
Tho' my prayers did ask to take my pain,  
I wish I could've taken yours much more.  
Phoenix Park in summertime,  
gathering by day and night.  
By the hearth in wintertime,  
gathering just to say goodbye.